



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

intend presenting to our readers, has pictured a truly English scene, and has done so in his own inimitable style. Nature was his teacher, the woods were his academy, and he was an apt disciple, an ardent lover of art, a keen observer of all that surrounded him, and an accurate copyist of his models. His models came not from the antique; they were found in villages, and fields, and poor men's homes. His excellence was his own, the result of his own particular observation. Whatever he undertook he executed in a manner peculiar to himself: and whatever might be the object of his study, whether the form of a woodcutter, a peasant child, or a girl attending pigs, he did not attempt to raise the subject, nor did he lose any of that natural grace which was so eminently characteristic of his designs. If, in his excursions, he found a character that he liked, and whose attendance was to be obtained, he ordered him to his house; and from the fields he also brought into his painting room stumps of trees, weeds, and animals of various kinds, and drew them, not from memory, but immediately from the objects. He even framed a kind of model of landscapes on his table, composed of broken stones, dried herbs, and pieces of looking-glass, which he magnified and improved into rocks, trees, and water; all exhibiting the solicitude and extreme activity that he had about everything relative to his art, so that he wished to have everything embodied, as it were, and distinctly before him, neglecting nothing that could contribute to keep his faculties alive.*

He was ardently devoted to his pursuits: this feeling he cherished even to his dying day. Art and artists occupied his thoughts, and the last words he uttered were characteristic of this love:—"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is of the party."

* Pilkington.

THE PAINTER OF PISA.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.

THE chapel of the convent of St. Augustine at Pisa had lately been decorated and repaired, till it now rivalled in magnificence the splendours of the cathedral itself. In place of the simple rails which had surrounded the great altar, there rose a costly screen around the sanctuary; pillars of variegated marbles, sculptured friezes instinct with noble forms, graceful columns; solemn monuments laden with the pride of heraldry, silver lamps, and all that art and wealth could devise to subdue the mind and enthrall the senses, was there lavished in full pomp and panoply.

It was mid-day. The chapel was deserted,—the air was yet heavy with perfumed incense,—the last tones of the organ vibrated through the aisles,—the echoing footfall of the latest loiterer had scarcely died in the distance,—then silence and solitude alone remained.

Yet one man was there. He was standing behind a pillar, occupied upon a fresco. His dress was of the humblest, and his work of the most unambitious description, yet there was a power in his face, and a dignity in his appearance that promised something higher than the serge doublet and ill-paid drudgery of the inferior workman; poverty, toil and discontent were written on that pale and thoughtful brow. He stopped frequently at his work, and seemed wrapt in gloomy thought—he resumed his pencil again and again with desperate resolution, and as often threw it down again with impatient scorn,—at last, as if overcome by his emotions, he descended hastily from the scaffolding, and paced rapidly the centre of the church. Then the agitation which possessed him appeared gradually to become quieted, his steps calmer, his brow clearer, and finally he sat down beside the reading desk, and laid his burning forehead upon the Bible which laid open before him. When he raised it the whole expression of his countenance had become changed, his cheeks glowed, his eyes seemed inspired with an unearthly brightness:—"Father!" he exclaimed, "I thank thee! Thou hast breathed Thy spirit into mine. Thou wilt aid me to portray Thy glory upon earth: the Bible in all its majesty, in all its power, shall be the subject of my labour: angels and demons in countless multitudes, heaven and earth, punishment

and reward. Thy glory and the life eternal shall speak Thy praise from the canvas of Thy servant! I feel it—my hand will not fail me—the past shall be forgotten—poverty, neglect, fatigue shall not be remembered—envy and injustice shall touch my soul no more, in the brightness of the coming fame!"

A deep sigh near him roused Marcello from his golden dream, and, turning with alarm, he saw a brother of the convent standing by his side. This old man, austere and venerable, was regarding the painter with a look full of compassionate benevolence. "My son," said he, "I have heard you, and you are suffering."

"More than I know how to tell you, father."

"And yet you have invoked the aid of God; you have faith?"

"Faith, but not hope, my father," said the painter, "and without hope life is a long and weary day—a sterile land—an accursed tree whose fruits are dust and ashes when we gather them!"

"Alas! my son, you are young," said the monk, kindly, "and but a few moments since you dreamt of a future full of divine glory and prosperity! Dream and hope again."

"You mistake me—I am no longer young. Time writes the age of man upon his heart. I have desired, and it has been denied unto me; I have tasted of anguish and bitterness; my soul is worn with hope, as the lute of the minstrel is worn with age, and whose strings at length give forth but harsh and broken sounds. I have dreamed of a work which shall immortalise my name, but have I courage to undertake all that I design? Oh that, like my father, I had remained an humble fisher, casting my nets upon the ocean for my daily bread! Father, while yet a child, there came a painter to my lowly home; that man recognised in the rude outlines which the fisher-boy had traced with charcoal on the walls the germs of natural genius, and offered to become my protector. I fell at his knees—I kissed the hem of his garment—I worshipped him as a divinity, and prayed, with all the eloquence of passion, for the permission of my father. It was granted; sublime was the concession of that poor fisherman: he deprived himself of the active arms that aided him in his employ, that mended his nets, and cultivated his scanty garden. He had but one son, and he loved him well enough to part with him. But ere I went, my master said to me,—'Boy, hast thou courage and constancy?—canst thou endure hunger and cold, and vow thy youth to a martyrdom without rest or reward?—canst thou venture all for the love of thy divine art and the future glory? The bread of the artist is watered with tears.' And I have found it so. He died, and from an artist I became an artisan. The world believed me not when I sought to justify my claims. All that I had done had gone forth with the name of my master. I was branded as an ignorant pretender, when I pointed out to them my share in his paintings. Obstacles surrounded, disappointments met me at every turn, and the flower of hope withered in my heart. Still I have faith—still I believe in glory, and believe that it may yet be mine!"

"Glory!" repeated the monk, in a tone of sorrowful pity; and, without combatting the fatal delusions of that word, pointed solemnly to a grave-stone on which the painter was standing, and which bore this inscription:—

"HIC JACET CAPPERONI, PICTOR."

The characters were well nigh obliterated; soon they would be distinguishable no longer, and the spot would be forgotten. Marcello looked down upon them mechanically; but he was wrapt once more in his dream, and he comprehended them not.

PART THE SECOND.

Two years had passed away: the glorious luxuriance of an Italian summer clothed the earth with a gorgeous mantle of verdure and flowers. Pisa had all the appearance of a festival. Perfumes floated on the air; noble lords and ladies thronged the public walks; others, followed by their retainers, with falcons on their wrists, went forth to the chase; nobles and commoners, soldiers and peasantry, gave themselves up to

pleasure and idleness. Every palace blazed with light in the calm evenings, and sounds of lute and serenade came wandering by on every gentle breath of air that stirred the orange blossoms in the moonlight.

The senate was assembled at the justice-hall to regulate the interests of the province, and all the wealth and hospitality of Pisa was employed to do honour to their visit.

During one of the sittings of the court, a letter was laid before them, written by a trembling hand, and signed *Marcello*. Its purport was as follows:—

"Illustrious Lords,—An humble and unknown painter, at the hour of his death, entreats your attention. For more than two years he has lived in solitude, alone with art and his own soul: he has sought to combat enmity and unjust criticism; and, in dying, he has no wish beyond the pardon of his God and the glory of his work. His hand, he believes, has not proved unfaithful to his thought; but, broken down with labour and sorrow, and the desire of fame, he feels that rest is near at hand. The prayer of the dying is sacred—deign, then, to send some members of the senate to judge his picture, and to declare if it be worthy of a space in the chapel of St. Augustine, to which he bequeaths it."

This strange missive became at once the subject of deep interest to all in the assembly. On the previous evening the artist was unknown, or, if known, despised; now he was revered and esteemed by all. Some of the senators who patronised the convent declared that they had observed the frescoes of *Marcello*, in which, despite many errors, they had recognised the hand of a master. These eulogiums produced a great effect upon the public mind. Within an hour the home of the artist was approached by a brilliant company, who descended from their equipages at the door, where they were met by a procession of monks, coming at the same moment to view the picture given to their convent. The friars passed in first, chanting a mournful hymn; the noble signors followed them in silence.

There was a poetic calm brooding over the death-chamber, which impressed the visitors with reverent awe. Stern busts, and silent forms of sculptured loveliness stood around; an ample drapery at the farthest extremity concealed the picture, and the daylight fell in rose and azure chequers through the stained glass of the lofty casement, and cast uncertain splendour on the bed where laid the dying painter, worn and wan, yet still with some appearances of life in the wildly brilliant eye and quivering lip. He strove to speak, but he could only point feebly to the curtain; then, supported by the aged monk in whom he had confided at the chapel, he raised himself on the couch, seized a cord beside his bed, and in a moment drew the drapery aside, and exposed the picture. One only word escaped from every lip: "Admirable!"

And admirable it was. In this narrow space of canvas the mind of the painter had assembled all ideas that are most noble and sublime in man. Religion was there; religion with all its heavenly aspirations and its heavenly glories. There he had represented in one part the heavens, in another the earth—here the dreadful judgment, there the eternal happiness. Now, upon an arid and stony soil, the Solitaries occupied in the austere labours of their lives—one excavating a cell in the hard rock, another digging his grave, a third in meditation before a cross and a skull—all inspired with the double activity of the soul and body, where all around is silence and desolation. Angels with glorious wings hover over the Fathers of the desert, and seem to guard their sanctity. Here is the Evil Genius presiding above the ruins of Pagan worship; and, in the empyrean heaven, above all, in the centre of Light and Peace, God himself was dimly shadowed forth, as if in a radiance whose beams enveloped him from the too daring gaze of mortal eyes. Above and around seraphic legions hovered, hymning praise in song. Such was the work before which the Pisan senate stood in breathless awe and wonder—such the triumph of the artist, to whom they turned with one accord, and cried, "Glory to thee, *Marcello*!"

The painter raised his head, and turned to them a counte-

nance now paler than before; his lips trembled, his breath came quick and short—"Glory!" he murmured, and so died.

The next day Pisa was the scene of a solemn and touching event. Amid the deep clamour of the death-bells from every church around, an immense procession wound slowly towards the chapel of the Augustines. The whole city rendered homage to a painter. In life they had denied him every merit; in death they deemed no honours and no funeral pomp too great to glorify a sublime labour and a saintly death. Arrived at the chapel, the picture was installed above the great altar, and the corpse deposited on a magnificent bier, surrounded with lighted tapers. Clouds of incense float into the vaulted roof; the solemn chant swells and falls; the organ's noble voice rolls round in rich resounding harmonies; all the wealthy and noble of the land kneel there in prayer, and the light vapours of the incense curling up around the altar-piece invest the painted legions with strange life. The Solitaries seem to have new meaning in their stern features; the ministering angels appear descending to do homage to their Creator, and the ineffable glory shines forth more ethereal and divine than before. On the morrow, *Marcello* is to receive the last sepulchral honours. Night clothed the city in its solemn mantle. Festivity for a brief space was suspended. The chapel, now empty and silent, was at length free from every curious visitant; by degrees the lights were extinguished, and, save the wax tapers around the bier, a profound darkness brooded in the aisles and galleries. Near the corpse a monk was watching. It was Friar Eusebius, the same who had two years before pointed to the gravestone over which *Marcello's* coffin rested: he had solicited this pious vigil, and, kneeling there, with his face buried in his hands, the good monk reflected bitterly upon the fate of the man whose thirst of fame had brought him misery and death, and of the homage which had been accorded only to his remains. While absorbed in these reflections, a light sound, almost resembling a sigh, attracted his attention. He rose and looked around—no creature was visible. He was too wise to be influenced by any dread of supernatural agency, and so, reassured, knelt down again and commenced his fervent prayers for the soul's repose of the only man in whom he had taken an earthly interest. At length the old monk's words came indistinctly, his head drooped on his breast, he was asleep.

The night advanced, the old man slumbered profoundly; a second sigh echoed in the dim silence of the church. The coffin stirred—there was a movement within—can it be he who raises himself with a labouring effort as if chained down by a magnetic influence? Yes, he lives—he breathes—he feels! It is *Marcello* himself—a living corpse issuing from the tomb! For an instant he hesitated—he shuddered: the immensity of the church, and, by a fleeting comparison, the immensity of life weighed heavily upon him. He wished to extricate himself from the bier, but he wanted courage: at this fearful moment of resurrection, when he might, by a slight effort, free himself from the panoply of burial, he experienced so much difficulty in the passage from death to life, that a horrible foretaste of the transition from life to death seemed presented to his imagination.

"O God!" he murmured, "must I live?"

Unbroken silence laid on the monuments and columns—darkness and midnight chained all things in a solemn harmony—his courage returned, he raised himself softly, and extinguished all the lights but one which he retained in his hand.

Then he went towards his picture, his beloved picture, and gazed upon it in that high and holy station which he had dreamed and hoped for. Bewildered, weeping, joyful, yet sad, *Marcello* cast himself upon his knees, and prayed aloud in a voice broken with emotion.

"Merciful Father! an ardent desire of glory led me to employ deceit—led me to strive for pity when I deserved it not—led me to feign death, and mock Thine awful summons. Pardon, O Lord, pardon! I go to other lands, where, perhaps, I may never hear even the echo of my fame! I go to live a stranger and a pilgrim, to expiate my sin, and end my days in thanksgiving for all Thy mercies!"